

# FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

of Weatherford

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**Attending Regularly    Serving Willingly    Giving Generously    Living Uprightly**

## ECHO...

Hi from Falls Creek Round 2. God did some amazing things in our junior high students last week, and we are looking forward to what He has in store this week. Our theme this year is ECHO, and our verse is found in Psalm 145:4-5, "One generation will commend Your works to another; they will tell of Your mighty acts. They will speak of the glorious splendor of Your majesty, and I will meditate on Your wonderful works." We want our students to encounter Jesus and ECHO Jesus' love to their school, to their friends, and to their family. I am so excited to see what God is going to do this year in our student ministry. Please begin to pray that our students will be bold and share their faith this year. Thank you FBC for your help in making Falls Creek awesome! Your prayers, financial help, and food donations have made a huge impact! See you Sunday!  
Youth Pastor,  
Worm

**This Sunday Evening**  
**All Church Ice Cream Fellowship at Means Park**  
Pool will be open from 6 p.m. - 8 p.m.  
Homemade Ice Cream will be served at 6 p.m.  
(everyone who can - bring a freezer of ice cream)  
Invite Guests to Come!  
Don't Miss This Chance To Reach Out To New People

**TOGETHER AGAIN BEGINS THIS SUNDAY!!!**  
For three Sundays in a row we will have one Sunday school at 9:00 a.m. and one worship service at 10:30 a.m.  
July 26th - August 2nd - August 9th  
To Strengthen Unity - To Enjoy Diversity  
This Sunday's Sermon: "Forgiving Yourself"

## New Beginnings In Sunday School

New classes are being formed for adults, effective September 6th. These classes will provide room for more people. You can participate in this "new beginning" by leading (let Pete know) or by attending a new class as a faithful member. Our common goal of reaching people for Christ will be achieved as we work together.

## Thank You

We would like to take this time to thank everyone for all of their thoughts and prayers, phone calls, visits, cards, and meals during our loved ones illness and passing. She was such a precious wife, mother, and grandmother. Thank you to those who provided food and served us lunch before her service. We are blessed to have such a wonderful caring church family.

God Bless you all.  
The Gail Taylor Family,  
Jack, Jack Jr. and Sherrea Taylor  
Kevin and Shawna Epperly

## All Church Trip To Albuquerque

We still have spots available if you are interested in going to the Balloon Festival on October 8th, 9th, and 10th.  
(Contact John Gerber as soon as possible)



## Meals on Wheels

We are responsible to deliver Meals on Wheels during the month of August in Weatherford. Please contact the church office if you are able to help.

## Save The Date

**Annual Baptism at Crowder Lake**  
**Sunday Evening - 6:00 p.m. - August 16**



Contact the Church Office  
or a staff member  
if you would like to be baptized.

## Inferno

by Jason Stephenson

Being a pastor's kid, it should come as no surprise that my earliest memory is in church. Had my dad stuck to his traditional sermons, perhaps I would not still remember that fateful Sunday night. But once or twice a year, for as long as I can recall, Dad scraps his sermon and writes a dramatic monologue. He has been the resurrected Lazarus, the brash Peter, and the mute Zechariah. He has even portrayed men healed from demon-possession and blindness. Using wigs, beards, makeup, and costumes, Dad can appear as if he stepped right out of Galilee. His power over the congregation is so great during his performances that no one seems to breathe.

One of Dad's earliest dramatic monologues happened in the Harmony Baptist Church, his first pastorate after seminary. The small church had three rows of pews and no windows in the sanctuary. We had two services on Sunday - one in the morning, and one in the evening. Nowadays, Dad works so hard on his monologues that he performs them in the morning service. That particular day, Dad must have had some reservations about his character choice. He saved the monologue for the evening when fewer people would be in attendance. I was there, though, sitting with my mom and coloring book. After all, a three-year-old can't fully pay attention to the preacher, even when he is his father.

When we finished singing hymns that night, the lights went out. With no windows, the darkness was so strong I couldn't see any of my crayons. Then crimson lights cast an eerie glow in the front of the sanctuary. My heart pounded against my chest. I looked at my mom for reassurance, but I could only make out the outline of her face.

Suddenly, a man arose in the choir loft. He moaned and cried. He reached up to the heavens and wailed, "I am in agony in these flames!" The tattered cloak he wore did little to mask his identity. His voice, a tenor with a hint of southern twang, gave him away: he was my father, and he was in hell.

"I don't like my daddy red!" I yelled. My own screaming competed with my dad's for a few seconds, as my mom scooped me up and rushed me out onto the church lawn. She rocked me and wiped the hot tears from my cheeks. The cool night air calmed me down.

"It's okay. Your daddy's okay. He's just pretending," she whispered.

From that day forward, the idea of hell has been indelibly burned into my mind. When I think of hell, though, I don't think of pitchforks or devils or lakes of fire. I think of my father crying out in agony, locked away in a place where I can never reach him.

## Sunday School Attendance

July 19

633

## Expanding His Reach Building Campaign

Amount Given to Date - \$ 2,671,517.63

